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(Continued from Tuesday's Star.) The hut was built of pieces of rock care fully fitted together at the back, and at first I could discover no means of investigating the interior from where I stood Just then I heard the door open, and I crept behind a rock. Peering from my retreat, I saw the woman go toward the grove with a pail. There was a spring of fresh water there. I again approached the house, and finding a large crack at one place between the edges of the stones, I took out my knife and chipped briskly away at the clay until that I had penetrated the wall. The dusk had now fallen and it was nearly dark Mother Videaux returned and lit a candle after first closing the door carefully behind I could see the interior of the one room fairly well. It contained a rude table, one chair, a bed of cocoa leaves in a corner, a few old baskets and household utensils and

a barrel.

Mother Videaux made her tea and then turned to the basket of food she had brought from the inclosure. She laid each article carelessly on the table, but when she came to the loaf Forsythe had given her, she turned it over and over in her hands, chuckling in a low, cracked tone, as though its appearance amused her.



Rough Diamonds.

Rough-Diamonds.

Then she laid it carefully by and ate her super with apparent appetite.

I need not say that I was intensely interested, and watched every motion as she cleared away the table, lit a short clay pipe and then, as I guessed she would, took up the loaf again. She leaned over the table and crumbled it carefully with her fingers, morsel by morsel. Soon she uttered an ejaculation. Something had fallen upon the table from the crumbs. She picked it up and held it to the light, which caught one point of it and sent out an oblique prismatic ray; it was a rough diamond!

My heart gave a great bound of delight—I had found my clue at last.

She went through the whole loaf and laid nine diamonds in a little heap on the table. Then, satisfied there were no more, she gathered up the crumbs, put them away, and reaching in the barrel brought out a cocoanut. The husk was trimmed and it was ready for shipping. She took a knife and dug out one of the "eyes" and put the diamonds through the opening into the nut. Next she filled the "eye" with

put the diamonds through the opening into the nut. Next she filled the "eye" with

She sat down in her chair again, smoking contentedly, and I was about to beat a retreat, satisfied that I had learned all I had hoped to, when my attention was arrested by seeing her reach suddehly forward and take a small, round basket upon her knee. It was a native basket, made of woven cocoa leaves, and covered over the top by a coarse cloth. She untied one end treat, satisfied that I had learned all I had hoped to, when my attention was arrested by seeing her reach suddenly forward and take a small, round basket upon her knee. It was a native basket, made of woven cocoa leaves, and covered over the top by a coarse cloth. She untied one end of this and lifted it up.

Instantly there glided over her arm a slender, silver-gray snake, and a shudder went over me as I recognized the deadly asp. It rested upon her shoulder and thrust its flat head before her face. Mother Videaux laughed and patted the head and stroked its shining neck.

stroked its shining neck.
"Glad to get out, Poison?" she crooned,

"Glad to get out, Poison?" she crooned, tenderly, as a mother would talk to a child; "glad to attr about a bit, is you? Hard life, Poison, to be cooped up all day in a basket, wi' nothing to stick those pretty fangs into! Take care,deary!" as the snake made a sudden motion with its graceful head, "mustn't strike at mammy, you know. It'll be worse for you if you acts ugly wi' mammy. There! I'll let you stay out tonight. You can be my watch dog and keep the niggers away. Ha, ha, ha! No one likes to bother Mother Videaux when her pets is loose. Run away, now, Poison, and we'll get to bed."

Shivering with horror at the scene, I drew back, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the fading light without, I picked



WYOU scoundrel?" He Cried With at

my way to the corner of the house, turned into the path, and came face to face with Howard Forsythe! If ever a desire to murder showed itself in a man's face, I read it in his. "What are you doing here?" he demand-

ed, harshly.
"Attending to my business," I answered,

"Attending to my business," I answered, firmly.

"What have you seen?"

"That is my affair."

He stared at me a moment without speaking, and then broke into a fury.

"You seoundrei!" he cried, with an oath, "if I thought you were prying into my affairs, I'd kill you as I would a dog!"

"Mr. Forsythe," I returned, "pray recollect yourself. You are speaking to one authorized by your brother and yourself to discover this theft of your diamonds. How much I know I shall not at present tell, but I warn you to be careful what you say if you would not have the whole world, as well as your brother, know the truth!"

He controlled himself with an effort; I

word and marched down the path to the inclosure. I followed as silently, already regretting that I had shown him my hand so soon. Thank heaven, the ship was due

n three days! He shut himself up in his room without He shut himself up in his room without even a glance at me, and I went to my own, and wrote a full account of the scene I had witnessed at the cottage. Then I knocked at Herr Schlitz's door.

"Well?" he cried. "Come in!" I entered and asked him if he would keep a small parcel for me till I went away. He rolled his eyes toward me without a spark of intelligence in them. He was already drunk, and a glass at his elbow; so I thrust my packet, addressed to my employer, into his deak, and quit the room. The fellow had already forgotten even my presence, and sat staring stupidly before him.

V.-IN DEADLY PERIL I did not see Howard Forsythe until noon the next day, and then the look he gave me was so maligrant that I did not ad-

The day wore away without adventure to my intense satisfaction, and I retired

early to my room. The next morning I was walking about the inclosure to take the air, and telling myself that tomorrow the steamer would arrive and deliver me from my impriso nent, when to my surprise Howard Forsythe walked toward me.

"Good morning, Andrews," he said, as he came up, "have you finished your mis-

ion?"
"Not entirely."
"Then you do not intend to leave by to-norrow's boat?" "Pardon me; I do."

He looked at me steadfastly for a time

puffing at his cigar and evidently thinking what he should say. When he spoke it was in an altered tone.

"We had better understand one another, Androws."

I nodded my acquiescence.
"As the head of affairs in Benita," he

I nodded my acquiescence.

"As the head of affairs in Benita," he continued, "and my brother's representative, I request a full report of whatever you may have discovered—or rather, what you think you have discovered."

For a moment his audacity took my breath away, but I replied, shortly:

"I am employed by your brother. My report will be made to him alone."

"You have fully decided to ignore me?"

"To the extent of retaining what knowledge of the theft I possess."

"Very good. It is not what I had a right to expect, but I think we understand each other," and without more ado he turned his back and walked away.

I relected that although he might understand me I could not say that I understood him, or his intentions, and in spite of myself I grew nervous as the day wore away and I saw that he studiously avoided me.

ed me. I made a farewell call on Mr. and Mrs. I made a farewell call on Mr. and Mrs. Delby that evening, and when they discovered I was to leave the next day they managed with an effort to forget one another partially and entertain me to the best of their resources. When I left them it was already dark, and as the office building steemed deserted I decided to go to bed. Going to my room I wrote up my diary, partially packed my valise, and then, not feeling sleepy, I read for an hour in an old novel I had found at the office. Even after putting out the lamp and crawling into bed I felt nervous and wakeful, and it was a long time before I fell into a doze.

I woke abruptly, with a sense of impending danger, and opened my eyes.

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The moonlight shone full through the curtainless window and fell upon the door opposite me. I could discern all objects within the little room nearly as well as by day, for the bed was beside the window and therefore in shale, while the soft light flooded the space beyond and rendered me invisible to any one standing in the doorway.

put the diamonds through the opening into the nut. Next she filled the "eye" with pitch, as is the custom to preserve the nuts, and holding it to her ear, shook it violently. It made no sound I could hear, the milk in the nut probably preventing the stones from striking tegether. Mother Videaux laughed gleefully and tossed the nut back into the barrel.

She sat down in her chair again, smoking the stones from the form disappeared a moment, and then, returning, advanced a step and placed some object upon the floor. My eyes followed the first properties of the form disappeared a moment, and then, returning, advanced a step and placed some object upon the floor. My eyes followed the first properties of the form disappeared a moment, and then, the form disappeared a moment, and then the form disappeared a moment, and the form disappeared a moment and the form dis

Ice Cream Oysters. From the Chicago Chronicle,

At a recent much-talked-of fashionable wedding on Calumet avenue a cleverly designed dish of ice cream representing a bag of rice with the grains falling out was so perfect that the guest to whom it was of-fered refused it, saying that while he was willing to throw rice, he could not eat it raw.

A young bachelor who had boasted of the skill of a certain caterer in turning out different designs in cream emphasized his assertion one evening last winter by promising a little supper to a small group of friends, at which the ice should completely deceive them. In due time he gave it. When the guests reached the table a plate of blue points on the half shell, properly restirg on a bed of crushed ice, with a bit of lemon at the side, was at each cover. No suspicion was aroused that they were other than they seemed till, beginning to eat, the company found that the oysters, indeed, were real, but the beautiful shells and apparently succulent lemon were only frozen cream. A point was scored for the host, who declared himself satisfied, and a chafing dish was set before him for the preparation of mushroom sautes. At the moment when they were ready to be served a trifling accident occurred in the extinguishment of the lamp, and the servant was told to take the dish to the sideboard for service, where plates with small squares sertion one evening last winter by promiswas told to take the dish to the sideboard for service, where plates with small squares of toast were in readiness. These plates were handed around in a moment piled with mushrooms, plump and appetizing, that every guest would have, sworn were prepared before their eyes. But they were not, as was soon discovered. They were chocolate cream molded in marvelous imitation of the brown buttons, and resting on genuine toast, the chafing dish, of course, having been a mere blind.

A Curious Benediction. From the Argenaut.

The Sectch archbishop, Foreman (in the sixteenth century), was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome, he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the pope's

table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Dominus," but they replying "Deus" (Italian fashion), so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully conned phrases, and, "in good, broad Scotch," said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," to which devout aspiration pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) piously replied "Amen."

An Odd Indiana Dwarf.

There lives at Marion, Ind., a dwarf, Janie Loder by name, who is fifty-four years old, forty-seven inches high, and weighs about sixty-four pounds. She is the daughter of wealthy parents, who at death left her a to discover this theft of your diamonds. How much I know I shall not at present tell, but I warn you to be careful what you say if you would not have the whole tworld, as well as your brother, know the truth!"

He controlled himself with an effort; I sould see his face was purple with rage and his hands clinched tightly together; but he turned on his heel without another. Wealthy parents, who at death left her a fortune. Her favorite pastime is playing with children and dolls, having a family of about fifteen of the latter. She speaks of herself as a little girl, and her favorite topic of conversation is what she will do when she "grows up." One of her peculiarities is that among gentlemen friends the larger in stature are her choice. She is in good health, and may live for many years.

The Only Survivor of the Massacre Tella Her Story.

A Building Full of Tragic Interest in a Quaint Town-Inventor of the Bowie Knife.

From the St. Louis Republic. Every American boy should visit San Antonio. He should go to the Alamo. Lei him go at night, as did a staff correspondent of the Republic this evening. Let hir go when the soft southern moon sheds its beams, upon the gray and time-stained walls. Let him stand before the old building and picture to himself what occurred

"Thermoplyae had her messenger of de feat; the Alamo had none."

In the Alamo 169 men died galiantly fighting-not one lived to tell the story. But they left behind a terrible reminder of their prowess. Full 1,600 Mexicans went down beneath their lead and steel-down never to rise again. Brave Crockett and Travis and Bowie and Bonham died there, but they died in a sea of blood. Let the American youth stand before the old Alamo and think of these things. It will arouse his patriotism; it will make of him a better citizen-a better man.

Nothing so stirs the blood as the recital of this oft-repeated tale, unless it he the story of how Houston and his men wreaked vengeance for it on the field of San Jacinto. The telling itself is thrilling; but how much stronger does the heart swell when the ears listen while the eyes rest upon the very

stronger does the heart swell when the ears listen while the eyes rest upon the very scene!

About no town in all this country does there cluster so much of tragic and romantic history; nowhere so many pretty legends. A quaint old town is San Antonio, quaint in the midst of the bustle and progress of a modern city. It breathes the spirit of the past long gone; it breathes the spirit of the headlong present. Extremes meet here—the whole is most interesting. The story of the evolution of Texas from a province of Spain to a republic, and afterward to a state of this Union, is but a story of Texas. From the beginning of the nineteenth century the history of the Alamowhich means the cottonwood—is the history of San Antonio. Its sculptured walls witnessed the scenes of the revolution of Hidalgo in 1811; it saw the separation of Mexico from Spain in 1821; in the same year it welcomed Austin and his followers, the pioneers of a new American civilization; it resounded with the cries of revolt against Mexico in 1834; it became in 1836 the last rallying place at Travis, Crockett, Bowle and Bonham; it saw their massacre avenged by the glorious victory of San Jacinto; it passed through the prosperous era following the annexation of Texas to the United States, and it stands today, surrounded by the imposing buildings and business houses of a thriving, bustling city, a silent memory of the hardships, the bloody deeds, the triumphs, the sorrows and glories of the past.

A Picturesque Ruin. A Picturesque Ruin.

The Alamo, built in 1716, by Franciscan monks, is now a picturesque ruin. It was purchased by the state from the Catholic Church in 1883, placed in the hands of a custodian, and every effort is now being made to preserve it intact and in its original form. But prior to that time it When Crockett and Travis fought there its

When Crockett and Travis fought there its roof was of arched stone. This crumbled and fell away, and now ordinary boards and shingles cover it. It is situated on the west side of the Alamo Plaza, but half a block from the Menger Hotel. William Mc-Masters, who served with Houston at San Jacinto, is the custodian. He explains its tregic history to all visitors.

The Alamo proper is built of stone and adobe. It is 144 by 78 feet long and wide. Broad and massive doors, facing west, are the only means of entrance. There are iron-barred windows in front and on each side. The floor is of earth. At the time of the famous battle, and until a few years ago, a high stone wall surrounded three sides of the old building, and connected with the rear wall.

In the northwest corner of the structure is a room about twelve feet square, where Col. Bowle, sick nigh unto death, was cruelly bayoneted. In the southwest corner is a room of like size, where Mrs. Dickinson wife of Livet Dickinson was of the store.

cruelly bayoneted. In the southwest corner is a room of like size, where Mrs. Dickinson, wife of Lieut. Dickinson, one of the victims, and her little baby daughter shrank, terror-stricken, through all the fight. Near the center of the north side of the building is a small, stone-walled room, which was used as a magazine. During the heat of the fight Col. Travis ordered one of his men to blow up the ordered one of his men to blow up

ordered one of his men to blow up this magazine, but the soldier was killed before he could apply the lighted torch.

Through the center of the old building runs a long, broad room. At the rear was formerly the cloister. In this room, after being driven from the walls, the Texans made their final defense. There is absolutely no furniture in the building, save the old custodian's desk and chair. On this desk are three or four six-nound halls the old custodian's desk and chair. On this desk are three or four six-pound balls which the Mexicans sent through rents in the walls, a register for visitors, and a pic-ture of Ccl. Bowie. Four banners in frames lean against the walls. Offe bears the in-scription, "Thermopylae had her messen-ger of defeat; Alamo had none."

Some, Well-Known Words. The others bear these oft-quoted words of Travis, Crockett and Bowie:

"Who'll be first to go across the line with "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

"Boys, carry my cot over the line."

Bowie.

As to the main facts of the siege and fall of the Alamo most historians and sons and daughters of veterans agree. On matters of detail no two, apparently, are informed alike. There is but one living survivor of that terrible massacre. She is a Mexican woman known as Mme. Candelaria. I talked with her today.

Senora Candelaria lives at 111 South Laredo street, in the rear room of a little adobe building, a migerable abode. On the wall of this building hangs a little board, on which is painted in rude letters: Bowie.

Here lives Madame Candelaria, : Only survivor of the Alamo

The front room of the building is occu-The front room of the building is occupied as a b rber shop. One of the barbers, a Mexican, showed me into her room. Senora Candelaria claims to be 113 years old. She certainly looks it. Such a specimen of humanity I had never before gazed upon. She looks like a piece of withered parchment. She would probably not weigh more than seventy-five pounds. She is totally blind, and her face is not much larger than a little child's, and so weazeped and wring the contract of the child's and seventy-five pounds. a little child's, and so weazened and wrin-kled as to be almost expressionless. She was sitting on the edge of her bed clad in a loose gown. Her feet were bare and cov-ered with a thousand deep wrinkles. She speaks no word of English, but a Mexican boy of probably fourteen years acted as

boy of probably fourteen years acted as interpreter.
Senora Candelaria is garrulous. She seems to love to talk of the terrible scenes in the Alamo. Her story is different from that told ly many historians. She says that Col. Bowie, who lay in bed ill with typhoid fever, died in her arms; that when the Mexicans broke through the door leading to his room she sat beside him, her left arm under his head. The Mexican soldiers commanded her to stand aside, and, when she refused, pushed her roughly away and pierced Col. Bowie's breast with a bayonet repeatedly. She says that he was unable to make any resistance whatever and made to make any resistance whatever and made no fight.

A Witness of the Fight.

Others say that Col. Bowle arose from his bed when the Mexicans broke into his room and fought like a demon, killing two or three of them. It is probable that Senora Candelaria's story is the correct one. She says, too, that David Crockett was killed just outside the front door of the Alamo, and not within its walls, as others say. In a few other minor points the old Mexican woman's version is different. She was sent by Gen. Houston to nurse Col. Bowie, and is certainly the only person now living who saw the fight, but age may possibly have impaired her memory.

Mrs. Dickinson and her little child escaped death at the hands of the Mexicans

but both have long since passed away. The cn-ild was known as the daughter of the Alamo for years.

The battle of the Alamo lasted thirteen days, beginning February 23, 1836. Santa Arna, with 4,000 men and with about half

A VISIT TO THE ALAM.O a dozen 6-pound howitzers, had been storming the old mission almost continuously.

On March 5 he was reinforced by 2,000 men. and at daylight on the 6th the final assault

> There is a variety of data as to the number of men under Cpl. Travis in the Alamo. Some put it at 192, some at 172, but the death roll, so far as known, shows that 168 were killed. None got away. Col. Travis had sent out numbers measurements placed. were killed. None got away. Col. Travis had sent out numerous messengers pleading for help, but none came. About two hours before sunset of March 3 the bombardment of the mission suddenly ceased, and the Mexicans withdrew to an unusual distance. Col. Travis knew that it was but the calm before the storm. He drew his men up in single flig and made a short address. He told them that their fate was scaled; that he had hoped against hope that succor would come, but it was now too late. There was a chance, he said, to surrender ard be deliberately shot without taking the life of a single enemy; there was a chance to cut through the Mexican ranks, kill a few of their adversaries, and a few of them might possibly escape, but it was his determination to remain in the fort and kill as many as he could before death came.
>
> The Battle Charge.

The Battle Charge. "Let us kill them as they come." he said: "kill them as they scale our walls, kill them as they leap within, kill them as they raise their weapons and use them, kill tinue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive."

Then he drew his sword, and tracing a line in the dust in front of the men standing in company front, he said: "Who will be the first to cross over the line with me? Capley Holland was the first to move. He over the line, exclaiming, "I am ready to die for my country!" Immediately all of the others followed his example save

bounded over the line, exclaiming, "I am ready to die for my country!" Immediately all of the others followed his example save one, a man named Rose. He said he was not ready to die, and finally he scaled the wall and escaped. Col. Bowie, sick in bed, called out: "Boys, I am not able to move, but won't some of you lift my bed over the line?" They did. His bed was carried from his room, placed over the line, and afterward returned to the chamber.

The last charge of the Mexicans began about daylight and lasted until 9 o'clock. They mounted the walls with scaling ladders, and some by mounting on the shoulders of others. A terrible fire belched from the interior and men fell from the ladders by the score. Finally, the column of Gen. Crastillor succeeded in making a lodgment in the upper part of the Alamo to the northeast: then an entrance was forced in the fruit door and battering rams and cannon forced an entrance through the wall on the south side. Still the Texans fought like demons. It was at short range, muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand; musket and rifle, bayonet and knife, all were mingled in confusion. The crash of firearms, the shouts of defiance, the cries of the dying, made a din almost infernal. The Texans fought like demons. They desperately defended every inch of the ground.

They only yielded when death came. As an indication of the wonderful bravery and coolness of these men, it is said that about nine-tenths of the Mexicans who were killed outside of the wall were shot through the head and upper part of the body. That these Texans shot with terrible precision 1,600 dead Mexicans showed. The exact number of hexicans showed. The exact number of mexicans showed. The exact numb

near the front door. When his dead body was found a half dozen Mexicans lay about and over him.

After the battle has ceased, because there were no more Texaus to kill, the Mexicans carried their dead in bodies to where St. Joseph's Church now stands, piled their bodies in a heap then piled wood under and over them, and net them on fire.

It has often been said that Col. James Bowie, who was killed at the Alamo, was the inventor of the "Bowie knife." This is declared by people here to be untrue. They say that the inventor, of the "Bowie knife" was Reason P. Bawis.

Many are the deeds of heroism related of the men who died in the Alamo. David Crockett had returned to Texas from Tennessee but two weeks before the battle of the Alamo was fought. He was offered a colonelcy, but declined it, saying he preferred to fight for his country as a private. How well he fought scores of dead Mexicans tell. James Butler Bonham, who had been a schoolmate of Col. Travis, was one of the men seattfor diels. After the performance of that duty he returned to San Antonio, March 3. He refused to remain outside the walls of the Alamo, but declared that he would report to Travis or die in the attempt. Mounted on a cream colored horse and with a handkerchief fir ting from his hat, a signal previously arranged with Travis, he dashed through the Mexican lines amid a shower of bullets and entered the gates opened to receive him unharmed. Of course, he met death three days later with the others.

THE PROFITS OF A PARIS PARK. An Interesting Bit of Municipal Housekeping.

rom the London Daily Telegraph. It costs about \$100,000 per annum to keep up the Bois de Boulogne, which for the last forty years, has been the great pleasure ground of the citizens of Paris, but the authorities are so economical in their management of it that the park is made to contribute about \$50,000 a year toward these expenses. How is it done? In the first place the race courses at Longchamps and Auteuil bring in something, the former \$2,400 a year and the latter \$2,000. These are recognized as nominal rents, the attractions of the race meetings furnished by the two hippic societies being indispensable to \$3,000 a year is derived, and the rents of various pavilions or restaurants give respectively \$3,225 for the Chinese pagoda, \$3,200 for the Grande Cascade, \$2,000 for the Pavilion d'Armenonville, and for various chalets the rents levied range from \$1,200 to the minimum figure of \$1,25 or \$1 \$1,200 to the minimum figure of \$1.25 or \$1 a year, the last mentioned sum being charged for a cake and bun stall in the Pfs Cachian, where also a stand for the sale of gaufres brings in a rent of \$20 per annum. But the chalet of the Croix Catalan, where the Pyramid replaces the Cross erected by Philippe Lebel to the memory of a troubadour who was assassinated by the king's escort, pays \$300 a year rent. Here, too, is that famous dairy which belongs to the escort, pays \$300 a year rent. Here, too, is that famous dairy which belongs to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. This garden escapes with a nominal rent of \$200 per annum. Another source of income is that provided by the rents of houses situated within the park, realizing a total of about \$5,500 a year, so one obtains an idea of the extent of the consumption of light refreshments in the wood when it is found that the ice cream venders alone can afford to contribute in rent nearly \$5,500 per annum. The Pre Catalan, too, which is more of a delightful flower garden than a model farm, brings in \$3,200 a year in revenue, including the product of the grass mowings; and, without entering into further details, it may be interesting to note that the administration contrives to make a profit even cut of its eggs and ducks. that famous dairy which belongs to the

Pensive Pencilings. From the Somerville Journal.

When you are introduced to a girl whose engagement has first been announced there is only one subject in the world for you to

Never explain your actions. People pre-

fer to form their own conclusions, and, be-sides, nobody is sping to believe you, any-The man who has the ability to say smart things is really to be pitled. His tongue is forever getting him into trouble.

Many a man who beasts because he lives within his income couldn't do it if he didn't have a larger income than some of the neighbors whom he looks on as improvident.

dent.

When you want, a waiter at a fashionable hotel to serve you promptly, don't forget how you get molarses out of a jug. You have to tip the jug.

The young man who calls his father "papa" after he is seventeen years old seldom possesses the undivided respect of his associated.

associates.

The new woman may not take her hat off in the theater, but she won't go out between the acts.

The Star Out of Town. THE EVENING STAR will be sent by mall to any address in the United States or Canada for such period as may be desired at the rate of fifty cents per month.

D'But all such orders must be accompanied by the money, or the paper cannot be sent, as no accounts are kept with mail subscripTO SUPPLANT HORSES

We Are Rapidly Nearing an Age of Mechanical Steeds.

less Vehicles in American Cities-Petroleum Wagons

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Carriages without horses have long been popular in France. Since 1892 they have een coming rapidly into favor through the cent race from Paris to Bordeaux, in which machines adapted by MM. Pauhare and Levassor of Paris to carriages of two or four seats competed, has attracted the attention not only of France, but of America These carriages, made after traditional patterns, are driven by means of a motor, which is situated indifferently either at the back or in front. The driver sits with a lever ready to his hand, by means of which the machinery can be set in motion in a few minutes. Some experimenters proved that two minutes will suffice for a start, and others agree upon five minutes as the time required. Anyhow, it is a small affair, even if the horses have a sort of advantage here. But horses, at least, cannot go backward, except at great personal inconvenience, and after a vast amount of manipulation by the coachman,

sonal inconvenience, and after a vast amount of manipulation by the coachman. The petroleum carriage runs either way without protest. And in the matter of speed no mere horse can approach it. The average speed on good roads recommended by the manufacturers is something more than eleven miles an hour, and even greater claims are made for it. The petroleum in these engines is used as a fuel for the production of steam. They are as easily worked as a tricycle, probably easier. A novice, as many witness, is able, upon the first trial, to drive his carriage over two hundred miles in two days of ten hours apiece. Tourists have wandered over half a dozen departments in them, and the taste is spreading every day.

These vehicles, perfect as they appear to te, will have to give place to the later devices of electricians. So far those that have been constructed have proved too heavy and expensive to find general sale. The batteries alone cost about \$500. They have undoubted advantages. They are clean, noiseless and require no engineer or skilled operator, resembling in this respect the trolley and the cable car. But the excessive load of the batteries and the lack of facilities for recharging them will prohibit their use outside of large cittes for some time to come. Supplies of petroleum and gasoline are to be obtained in any town. The petroleum vehicles are light, more convenient in running, and also require no engineer. For these reasons they must take the precedence for ordinary use until the ingenuity of the Yankee has overcome the obstacles that electricity presents. Take, for instance, the electric wagon of the Boston Inventor. It is heroic in its proportions, resembling an English brake in general design, and is budiet to outlast the "wonderful one-hoss shay." It weighs 5,100 pounds, and is undoubtedly the heaviest motor wagon on the continent, rivaling in weight the steam omnibuses of Paris. The general design of the vehicle is well adapted to the purpose. The batteries contained in the body and under the front contained in the body and under the front seat are extremely powerful, consisting of forty-four chloride cells, with a total capacity of two hundred ampere hours, and an average discharge rate of twenty-five amperes. The motor yields four horse power and three different speeds are obtained, the minimum being four and the maximum fourteen miles an hour. The owner has put this carriage through the paces in hill climbing and over heavy roads with most satisfactory results.

By Means of Electricity. An electrical wagon in use in Philadelphia has run several hundred miles with-out an accident. As compared with petroeum vehicles it is rather ponderous, weighing 4.250 pounds. The batteries weigh 1,600 pounds and consist of sixty chloride accumulators, having a maximum capacity of thirteen horse power. From fifty to one hundred miles an hour can be accomplished hundred miles an hour can be accomplished on one charge, according to grade and speed, and the maximum speed attainable is fifteen miles an hour. The motor, weighing 300 pounds, is of nominal three-horse power, electric launch type, capable of developing for a short time nine full horse power. Steering is accomplished by means of a wheel in front of the driver. The first electric wagon ever seen near New York has just appeared in Brooklyn. It came from the west, and is the invention of two residents of Kansas City. It weighs about 3,000 pounds, and as at present constructed has but one seat. Eighteen

weighs about 3,000 pounds, and as at present constructed has but one seat. Eighteen hundred pounds of storage batteries of the chloride accumulator type furnish the power, which is communicated to the wheels by a rawhide friction pulley running on a steel flange attached to the inside of the rear wheels. When desired, an automatic lever detaches the power from the driving wheel without stopping the motion of the motor. On ordinarily good roads a speed of lifteen or eighteen miles an hour can be obtained, and for ascending hills a reserve of twelve horse power can be drawn upon. A run of fifty miles can be made with one charge of the batteries.

Lock Haven, Pa., is also a claimant for honors in this direction. This wagon is intended for hotel service. The seats run lengthwise, and under them are stored the batteries, eight cells in all, four on each side. Though so few in number, these cells are said by the inventor to have sufficient capacity to run the wagon fifteen days of nineteen hours each, recharging themselves from a generator of ten sixteen-candle-power lights. The motor develops three horse power, geared to equal six. The vehicle weighs 1,000 pounds, and is said to carry 3,000 pounds. The rubber tires with which it is fitted increase the comforts of riding.

When the wagon stops or is running

which it is fitted increase the comforts of riding.

When the wagon stops or is running down hill the generator returns the used up current to the batteries, thus economizing power. It is claimed that on a good road a speed of twenty-five miles an hour can be reached, and the project is on foot to apply the invention to fire and police patrol wagons, hotel omnibuses and pleasure wagons. ure wagons, noter offiniouses and pleasure wagons.

A light and graceful buggy propelled by a gasoline motor has for three months past been traversing the streets of Springfield and adjacent country.

The Humble Bee's Duty

From Notes and Queries.

Some years ago I paid a visit to my nephew's vicarage in Buckinghamshire. He informed me that a new industry had sprung up in his parish—there was a demand for humble bees, which could be sold for fourpence a head. He could not inform me what led to this demand, nor could the villagers who had sold the bees do so. On villagers who had sold the bees do so. On inquiring who took the bees and paid the money I was referred to the beemaster of a neighboring village. I found him out on the next day, when he informed me that the growing of red clover in New Zealand had falled for want of a native insect capable of fertilizing the plant. As the humble bee 'ertilized the red clover in England, it was proposed to send a colony of humble bees over to New Zealand, which he did; but the first lot perished, as was supposed, from excess of heat in crossing the equator. A second colony was more fortunate; it took kindly to the islands and performed the function required of it successfully.

The case is well put by an entomologist:

"Many of our English flowers are capable of hear fortilized by each vote that of in

"Many of our English flowers are capable of being fertilized by only one kind of in-sect. The common red clover is visited by sect. The common red clover is vigited by the humble bee, the petals are fused together, forming a narrow tube, surrounding the honey glands and the organs that form the pollen; the long proboscis of the humble bee can reach the honey, but the hive bee's tongue is shorter and cannot do so. When clover was first grown in Australia it never seeded, because the tongues of the native bees were too short to reach the pollen."

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PRIMITIVE TELEPHONES.

Devices Adopted by South Dakota Farmers.

were adopted for batteries and call bells

the history of the plant as published does

transmitting station pounded on the fence with a sled stake or an ax helve, and on

such a short circuit the signal could be

heard and answered at the other station.

At any rate, the enterprise has proved so

successful that it is reported a number of stockmen propose to build a telephone line

from Pierre, in South Dakota, to Midland,

a central location in the cattle country,

on the plan adopted by the farmers, so that

warnings of storms mty be received from

the Pierre weather bureau.

This is all very ingenious in its simplicity, but some of the Hindoo worshipers in India far surpassed this Dakota business in the telephone line hundreds of years before the Dakota farmers, or stockmen, or Alexander Graham Bell, or Gray, or Edison, or Drawbaugh, were born. At Agra and Muttra, in India, are two temples about forty-two miles distant from each other. Connecting these two structures for religious worship is a line of copper wire about three-sixteenths of an inch in size, inclosed in cedar tubing resembling wooden pump tubing sometimes used, in wells, and this subterranean line was sunk about twenty feet from the surface. At either end of this line of wire was a vault about twenty feet square, on a leval with the line of wire was a valid about twenty feet square, on

was a vault about twenty feet square, on a level with the line of wire, where com-

a level with the line of wire, where com-munications were sent and received. At either terminus the wire was connected with a diaphragm of rawhide about seven or eight inches in diameter, resembling a small drumhead, and this diaphragm was used both for purposes of transmitting

used both for purposes of transmitting and receiving messages.

In transmitting the operator throws his voice against the diaphragm, and in receiving the operator at the other end of the line placed his ear in contact with the same kind of instrument. And that was the telephone system in use in India centuries ago. Those heathens probably never dreamed of patenting their invention, but they possessed the inscrutable spark of mechanical inspiration all the same.

make

Sift 1 quart of flour, 1 saltspoonful salt, 1 salt-spoonful ground nut-meg or cinnamon, 2 rounding teaspoonfuls

rounding teaspoonfuls haking powdertogether. Beat 2 eggs; add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls melted Cottolene. Sit rhese into the flour, roll and cut into shape. Have kettle % full of Cottolene—at just the right heat—and fry the doughnuts

For frying, Cottolene

must be hot, but don't

let it get hot enough to

smoke or it will be

burned and spoiled. To find if it is hot enough,

test it by throwing into it a single drop of water. When at just the heat, the water will pop. Get

The Cottolene trade-marks are "Cot-tolene" and a sleer's head in cotton-plant wreath.

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the Pierre weather bureau.

Possibly the operator at the

From the Industrial World.

not state.

NORDICA SAYS: Some South Dakota farmers have adopted a system of telephones which for cheap-"I have used ress is a long way ahead of any othe ohann Hoff's system in operation in this country. - The Malt Extract wire fences for a distance of about eight iles constitute the lines. The staples by and find it most which the wires were fastened to the posts beneficial as well were removed and insulated fasteners substituted. All that was then needed was transmitters and receivers, and the sysem was complete. Just what substitutes

WHAT

as agreeable. I would like to know your price per

Johann Hoff signature ZISNER & MENDELSON Co., Agents, N ASK FOR THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

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You know them! While they'd be good value at \$16, we shall sell them at \$11.75 each.

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Read What They Say—They're Being Cured by Dr. Edison's Obesity Treatment—Hot Weather is Here—Use Dr. Edison's Pills, Nait and Bands for the Fat—Not Patent Medicines—They Mike Fat Folks Thin and Comfortable.
Filorence Evelyn Merry, author of "Two Giris at the Fair," writing from the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, states that r's had been gaining fiesh rapidly for five years until September, 1894, when sabe began using Dr. Edison's Treatment for Obesity. "From Sept 2 to Dec. 20 I took Dr. Edison's Obesity." From Sept 2 to Dec. 20 I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Fills and Fruit Salt, and was reduced 54 peups, and entirely cured of dyspepsia. My complexion was rendered clear and beautiful."

Mercy Sturtevant Wade writing from the Treasury Department, says: "In six weeks Dr. Edison's Obesity Fills and Salt brought me down 44 pounds and cured me of chronic allments."

Capt. Henry Caton, long connected with the Pest Office Department, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt and Pills six weeks, reduced 35 pounds in a month and a half."

Mrs. Col. Stanton, Georgetown, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Salt and Pills six weeks, reduced 35 pounds and cleared my complexion."

Francesca Townshende, secretary of the Woman's Ethical Culture Culp, writes: "I had been getting fiethy seven years. From 124 pounds I had grown to 15A. Indigestion and dyspepsia made me nearly a physical wreck. Under Dr. Edison's treatment I have lost 63 pounds in eleven weeks and cured my dyspepsia."

Mrs. Helen Wandall Sturgess from her residence on F street, writes: "Dr. Edison's Obesity Band has reduced my weight 21 pounds and cured me of kidney troubles. Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt have cared my brother, Col. Wandall of the Department of State, of liver disease and reduced his weight 39 pounds in forty-three days."

Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle: three bottles, \$4, enough for one treatment; Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1. Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; 10 cents extra for each additional inch in length. Send all mail, express or C.O.

E. P. MERTZ, 11th and F D.W. Send for "How to Cure Obesity."
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